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Poetry.

WELCOME BACK.

BY ELLEN.

We welcome thee, no eager shouts
Go up from house and street,
No words of joyous welcome
They call, for soldiers meet.

No bells for some great victory won,
No chant of jubilee,
Too deeply on our souls is laid,
A dread fatality.

And so we greet thee with our eyes,
We greet thee with a prayer,
That not in vain the southern land
Has felt thy footsteps there.

Back from our threatened Capitol,
Back from the border land,
Back from the graveyard of our hosts,
Back from the death-ploughed sand.

We greet thee with a rising hope,
For surely there can be,
No failure for the harvest time,
No lie, for prophecy.

And while the bulwark of our land
Is high self-sacrifice,
And while true hearts and hands like thine
In her defense arise.

We may have hope, we may have rest,
And welcome thee with song,
Yet interwoven the minor plaint,
How long, dear Lord, how long?

THE DEATH BED.

BY V. HOOD.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathings soft and low,
As in her breath the woe of life,
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Useful Hints.

ROAST BEEF BONES furnish a very relishing
luncheon or supper, prepared with poached
or fried eggs, and mashed potatoes, as accom-
paniments. Divide the bones, leaving good
pieces of meat on each; score them in squares,
pour a little melted butter on them, and sprinkle
them with pepper and salt; put them in a
dish, set them in a Dutch oven for half or three
quarters of an hour, according to the thickness
of the meat; keep turning them till they are
quite hot and brown; or broil them on the
spit. Brown, but don't burn them. Serve
with Gravy sauce.

GRILL SAUCE.—To a quarter of a pint of gar-
ric add half an ounce of butter and a des-
sert-spoonful of flour, well rubbed together, the
same of mushroom or walnut catup—a tea-
spoonful of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of
mustard, and of minced capers, a little black
pepper, a little red of lemon, grated
very thin, a salt spoonful of essence of ancho-
vies, and a little cayenne wine, or a very small
piece of minced eschallot, and a little Chili vi-
negar, or a few grains of cayenne; simmer to-
gether for a few minutes, pour a little of it over
the Grill, and send up the rest in a sauce to-
ture.

WALNUT CATUP.—Take six half sieves of
green walnut shells, put them into a tub, mix
them up with common salt, from two to three
pounds, let them stand for six days, frequently
beating and mashing them; by this time the
shells become soft and pulpy, then by banking
it up on one side of the tub, and at the same
time by raising the tub on that side, the liquor
will clear off to the other; then take that li-
quor out; the mashing and banking up may be
repeated as often as liquor be found. The
quantity will be about six quarts. When done,
let it be simmered in an iron boiler as long as
any scum arises; then bruise a quarter of a
pound of ginger, a quarter of a pound of all-
spice, and two ounces of long pepper, two
ounces of cloves, with the above ingredients,
let it slowly boil for half an hour; when bot-
tled let an equal quantity of the spice go into
each bottle; when corked, let the bottles be
filled quite up; cork them tight, seal them over,
and put them into a cool and dry place for one
year before they are used.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—Soak beerglass in water
till it is soft, then dissolve it in the smallest
possible quantity of proof spirit, by the aid of a
gentle heat; in two ounces of this mixture
dissolve ten grains of ammoniacum, and whilst
still liquid add half a dram of mastic disol-
ved in three drachms of rectified spirit; stir
well together, and put into small bottles.

Directions for use.—Liquify the cement by
standing the bottle in hot water, and use di-
rectly. The cement improves the offender the
water and moisture perfectly.

INKS.—There are many recipes published for
making inks; the following is as useful and eco-
nomical a mode of producing good ink as any of
them.—
Dr. Lee's Ink.—For twelve gallons of ink take
twelve pounds of bruised galls, five pounds
of gum, five pounds of green sulphate of iron,
and twelve gallons of rain water. Boil the galls
with nine gallons of the water for three hours,
adding fresh water to supply that lost in vapor,
then add the sulphate, and draw off the clear
liquor. Add to it six gallons of water; dissolve
the gum and sulphate separately in one and a half gal-
lons of water, and mix the whole.

Selected Tale.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

'I am at such a loss to know what to
get for Kate Ellerton,' said Fanny Talbot
as she sat in the library one morning, busi-
ly knitting a purse. 'I do think it is one
of the most perplexing things in the world
to choose a wedding present.'

'Yes,' replied her cousin Helen, 'as she
assorted her worsted, especially where the
bride has a fortune of her own; Kate has
had everything her fancy or taste
could wish for all her life long, and she is
to marry a man who is ready to lavish
thousands upon her; what can one give
her which she has not already?'

'True, it won't do to give her anything
cheap or common, and yet I don't feel like
spending a great deal for a present, which,
after all, she will care so little about.'

'What do you think of me, then? If I
were as independent as you are, I could
make magnificent presents; but pa frets
more and more every day about our ex-
penses, that he says are really enormous; I
quite dread to ask him for a dollar now,
and he has forbidden me to get trusted at all.'

'Really, cousin Helen, I didn't dream
of your being so poverty stricken,' said
Fanny, laughing. 'Well, you go down
town with me, and see what can be found? I
must go this very morning; I am afraid
it will be difficult to fix upon anything;
for, as I said before, it must be something
rare or peculiarly tasteful that will suit
Kate's fastidious taste.'

'I will go, Fanny, but not to make any
purchase to day.'

'If I were you, Helen, I wouldn't think
of giving Kate anything very expensive;
some little trifle will show your kind feel-
ing, and please her just as well.'

'But, then, you know, the presents will
be paraded before everybody, and all sorts
of comments made. I can see now the
curl on Joanna Cushing's lips as she says,
'so that was from Helen Chester; it is
singular what taste some people have.'—
Oh, dear, I must try to give her something
decent.'

It was a wearisome, unprofitable morn-
ing which the cousins spent in bookstores,
print shops and jewelry establishments.—
Such quantities of gold and silver plate of
every imaginable variety, such glittering
jewelry, such a profusion of enticing nick-
knacks of all conceivable and inconceiv-
able shapes and uses passed in review before
them, as fairly made their eyes ache and
heads grow dizzy. Yet to all these objec-
tions had arisen; this was common, that
is inelegant and in bad taste, another too
expensive, and others, very many others.
Kate already had. The shopkeepers were
unwearied in their endeavors to please
their fastidious customers, and placed be-
fore them new piles of gems and trinkets,
making the task of deciding every moment
more impossible.

'I believe I shall take this,' said Fanny,
at last, in a despairing tone, laying her
hand on a little watch stand of most ex-
quisite design; 'even Kate's taste must be
satisfied with anything so unique and
beautiful as this.'

The little watch-stand was of alabaster,
the principal figure upon it was a sleeping
Cupid wrought into such symmetrical
proportion, and with a face of such be-
witching sweetness, that Fanny had turned
again and again to look at it with fresh
delight. It gratified her artistic taste as
nothing else had done through the morn-
ing; the only objection to it was the price
—seventy-five dollars.

'It is much more than I designed to
give, added she, 'but it is the only really
beautiful thing I have seen this morning,
and as you say, Helen, one must give her
something decent.'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind the price if I
were you,' answered Helen. 'It is so love-
ly, so exquisite.'

But there was a 'still small voice' in
Fanny's breast, which remonstrated; true,
she had a large fortune entirely at her own
disposal, but that very morning she had
resolved to spend that fortune as a true
hearted Christian woman should; and
there now rose before her visions of suffer-
ing mothers, of hungry children, and
wandering outcasts, waiting to be relieved
and fed and brought home to virtue; and
she hesitated to gratify her taste by such
a large outlay.

'I will let you know to-morrow morn-
ing,' she said to the salesmen, rousing her-
self from her reverie.

'To-morrow is Sunday,' whispered Hel-
en.

'Oh, yes, so it is; Monday morning,
then, if you will reserve it till that time.'

It was getting late when Fanny and
Helen hurried to the next square to reach
their carriage. As they were rapidly
threading their way in the crowd, Fanny
chanced to brush rather rudely against a
poor woman who turned toward her a face
of such extreme pallor and sadness that
she involuntarily paused an instant, but
the crowd pressed between them, the face
was lost, and Fanny hurried on. It was
but a glimpse, yet the face haunted her;
there was in it such an expression of heart-
broken sorrow and utter hopelessness that

she was sure some uncommon grief must
have fallen upon its owner. Fanny longed
to comfort her, to speak at least a word
of sympathy and kindness to that forlorn
and desolate woman. 'Ah,' thought she,
'how many different kinds of sorrow there
are in the world; how many are wretched
and miserable around me, while I am sur-
rounded with luxuries, and can gratify
every wish. Yet I too might have been
born in poverty and be now returning cold
and hungry, toilsome and desolate to some
filthy hovel. Such, and similar thoughts,
rushed incoherently through her brain,
saddening her more than she would have
liked to acknowledge to her light hearted
cousin Helen, who was gaily chattering away
about persons and things around them, till
they reached home just in time to dress
for dinner.

That luxurious meal over, Fanny es-
caped to her room, glad of a little quiet
after the bustle of the day. There rose
before her again that sad, pale face, and a
series of self reproachful thoughts passed
through her mind.

Fanny Talbot was an orphan, whose
parents had lived in a beautiful country
village of New England. They both died
before Fanny was ten years old, and from
that period she had found a home in New
York with Mrs. Chester, her father's sister.
Being an only child, she had inher-
ited her father's fortune, which was a
handsome one, so that in a pecuniary
point of view she was entirely independent
of her relatives.

Fanny had no recollection of her father,
but she had most sweet and tender mem-
ories of her mother, who had survived him
several years. That beloved mother's
pale face, her sweet voice, all the sweet-
er for the touch of sorrow in it, and her de-
licate, slight figure, on which disease had
laid its hand, were all indelibly im-
pressed upon the heart of the orphan child.

She remembered, too, the pleasant walks
they had taken on the banks of the little
stream; the hymns her mother had sung
to her at twilight, and the prayers she had
offered as they knelt side by side in their
quiet home. There were sweet pictures
painted on her memory of green fields with
yellow dandelions and red clover blossoms;
of hills, covered with tall, dark
pines; and of the little brook which wound
in fanciful curves through the old pasture;
and often when surrounded by brick walls
and crowded streets, these pictures had
risen before her with a calm and refresh-
ing influence. Like a golden thread these
recollections had run through the web of
her life, blending with its varying texture,
almost imperceptibly, yet imparting to it
a bright, fresh hue, it would otherwise
have lacked.

But Fanny's character had been still
more influenced by the remembrance of
her mother's dying hours. Never could
she forget the sick room with its darkened
windows, or the awe which crept over her
young soul as she stood by the bedside
and watched the pallid cheek, and the fit-
ful, laborious breathing; nor the morning
when she found that room was vacant,
when no mother's loving face was there;
no soft, low voice to whisper 'Good morn-
ing, dear,'—nothing but silence and desola-
tion, such as only death can bring.

Many years had passed away; Fanny
had received an expensive education, and
was now entering society with all the ad-
vantages which youth, cultivation of mind,
and elegance of manner give. Her aunt
had been affectionate and kind, almost as
her own mother, but she differed widely
in one respect; she was a fashionable,
worldly woman, who attached great im-
portance to outward show, and had never
felt the constraining power of religion.
But the last wish and the last prayer of
the dying mother's heart had been an-
swered, and amid the temptations to a dif-
ferent course which had surrounded her,
Fanny had been led to love holiness and
to consecrate herself cheerfully and fully
to the service of the Savior. But she was
far from perfect. Naturally gentle and
yielding, she too often glided thoughtless-
ly with the current, and found it very dif-
ficult to do what her conscience dictated,
and very often she mourned bitterly over
her deficiencies and resolved to make new
efforts for progress in the heavenly life.

On the evening to which we have refer-
red, as she sat alone in her luxuriously
furnished room, a train of self reproachful
thoughts passed painfully through her mind.
She saw she was wasting life, frittering it
away to no good purpose. 'I am perpet-
ually busy,' thought she, 'but what do I
accomplish? When do I make better or
happier? What except selfish entertain-
ment or enjoyment do I aim at achieving? Yet I have health, time, and some little
portion of wealth at my command. Oh,
it ought not, must not be so?' Bitter and
repentant tears filled her eyes; the image
of her mother rose before her, and she felt
that if she had lived, it would have been
easy for her to be good. 'But all this is
weakness,' she said at length, rising and
going to the window; 'I am old enough to
know my duty and to do it, without lean-
ing on any earthly arm. I must learn to
surmount difficulties, and gain some char-
acter and independence.' And she re-

solved, alas, not for the first time, that
she would be more decided, would save
time, would seek out objects of charity and
relieve their wants, would be self-denying
and thoughtful of others, in her daily
life.

She was conscious of having spent a
large proportion of her income foolishly;
not on herself entirely, but certainly to no
available purpose. She had often given
impulsively, but she had been too indolent
to adopt active and systematic measures
for the relief of suffering. Now, she re-
solved to give time and labor as well as
money to the woes and wants of her fellow
creatures, and to practice self-denial in
their behalf. She raised the curtain and
looked out into the night. From the win-
dows opposite, a bright gleam, softened by
the crimson drapery, shone out, and the
notes of a piano fell on her ear; beyond,
were innumerable roofs and chimneys,
peering one above another, till all were
lost in the darkening distance. Below,
the crowd were still passing to and fro—
a mingled mass of human beings, each
with his own burden of care and toil, of
crime and sorrow. 'Ah, over how many
souls does the Great Father keep his
watch,' said Fanny, as she gazed upon the
moving host, 'and none is forgotten or
unloved for. What fearful spectacles of
woe and crime does His eye now behold;
and as she gazed fearfully at the little
patch of sky overhead, where the stars
were shining so calmly and serenely as if
there was no such thing as guilt and
breaking hearts in all the world below.

While in this hushed and softened mood,
her thoughts reverted to the occupation of
the morning, and the wedding gift. She
was little disposed now to lavish money
for the mere gratification of her taste, or
the momentary pleasure of a friend. 'No,'
thought she, 'I will save that money for
some poor creature who is suffering for
the very necessities of life; how much
good it would do that poor woman I saw
to day, while Kate would never spend two
thoughts upon it.'

But there rose before her, grim and
threatening, that phantom which has
frightened multitudes from doing what
their better judgment sanctioned, the opin-
ion of the world—of her world. 'What
would everybody say if she were to make
no present? What would Kate herself
think?'

Seldom had Fanny Talbot thought so
seriously about her duty, and the distinc-
tion between right and wrong, as on that
evening, and the result of all her medita-
tion was as follows:—
'I will give Kate that crayon sketch I
took at the White Mountains last summer,
she liked it very much, and I know will
value it, because it was done by my own
hand; this will show her I have not for-
gotten her; and as for others, why, I will
not care; I will for once do what I think
right; I must gain some firmness, and
may as well begin to act independently
now as ever.'

And her heart glowed with deep and
fervent joy as she remembered that her
heavenly Father would see and approve,
and that perhaps her mother's sainted
spirit might be bending lovingly, joyfully
over the child who was striving to do the
right.

The Sabbath, with its sweet hours of
stillness and heart communion, and of sa-
cred worship in 'the holy place of prayer,'
strengthened Fanny's new formed resolu-
tions; and she went out early Monday
morning to see her washerwoman whom
she had heard was ill. As if by a provid-
ential arrangement, (are not all the min-
ute events of our daily life providential?)
she saw on a crossing just before her the
same pale-faced, poorly clad woman who
had interested her so much the day be-
fore. She hastened to join her, yet fear-
ing to seem rude, hesitated to accost her.
At last she said—
'I passed you on Saturday, and thought
you were looking ill. May I ask if you
are not an invalid?'

'My health is not quite good, ma'am,
but I am able to go out on all pleasant
days.'

'In what part of the city do you live?'
A bright flush passed over the pale face,
and evading the question, she replied, 'in
the lower part, since I came to the city.'

'Then you are from the country?'

'Yes, ma'am, I lived in Greenbrook,
Connecticut, all two years ago.'

In Greenbrook, the dear, sweet home of
Fanny's childhood, the spot where her moth-
er had died, and where her precious dust
now slumbered.

'Did you ever know there a Mrs. Tal-
bot?' she asked hurriedly, without stop-
ping to think how unlikely it was she ever
did.

'Mrs. William Talbot, who died there
several years ago?'

'Yes. Did you know her?'

'Know her?' answered the poor woman,
her face lighting up with a glow of
pleasure. 'Yes, indeed; I nursed her when
her little Fanny was born, and she was al-
ways the truest, the kindest friend a poor
woman ever had. It was a sad day for
Greenbrook when she passed away. If
she were but living now.'

'What would you wish of her, Tell
me.'

'The stranger lifted a quick, earnest
glance to the speaker's face, and said,
'No, it cannot be, and yet there is just the
look about the eye. 'Can you be a rela-
tive of hers?'

'Yes, she was my mother. I am the
little Fanny you cared for twenty years
ago.'

'Then,' said the woman, with streaming
tears, 'my prayer is answered; God has
not forgotten me. I knew you were in
New York, and I felt sure that if I could
find you, I could tell you all my troubles;
for I was certain your mother's child could
never have a hard or unfeeling heart.'

Fanny's eyes glistened with tender emo-
tions. She felt as if God had indeed blest
her desire to do right by giving her this
opportunity of helping her mother's friend
in the hour of need. It was almost like
helping her, and a thrill of joy ran thro'
her soul as she remembered who had said,
'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of
the least of these, ye have done it unto
me.'

Mrs. Reed promised to call on Fanny in
the afternoon, being then on her way to
return some sewing to her employer; and
they parted, Fanny going on her errand of
mercy with a light heart.

Mrs. Reed's story, though a very sad
one, was by no means an uncommon one.
Left a widow, she had maintained herself
respectably by her labor in the village of
Greenbrook till her son sent for her to
come to him. He had lived in the city for
several years; he was an only child, and
should have been the stay of her old age,
but alas, his career had been a downward
one, and at the time his mother came to
New York, he had reached the lowest state
of degradation. His wife, scarcely better
than himself, had died, leaving four little
children motherless.

It was a sad change from the beauty
and greenness of her sweet country home
to the close, filthy street where Robert
lived, from hand to mouth in the most
wretched way. But a mother's love and
courage triumphed over all that was dreary
and repulsive; and she struggled on, car-
ing for the poor orphans, and still hoping
her boy might be saved from utter ruin.
It was all in vain. The profligate sunk
deeper in sin and shame, till he came to
the end of his rope, and he was hanged.

to relate. Her heart was broken; but
bravely she toiled on, straining every nerve
to keep starvation from the helpless lit-
tles. One after the other, two of these
children had sickened and died; and Mrs.
Reed, with shattered health and weary
heart, was now watching over the remain-
ing two, with that womanly tenderness
which is only made stronger by suffering
and sorrow.

'If I could but get to Greenbrook with
the children,' she said to Fanny, 'I have
thought I might contrive to support them
there, and the poor little things would then
grow strong and healthy; but it takes
money to travel, and I really can't do more
than get shelter and food for bread for them;
and such a home as it is—oh, Miss Talbot,
I never thought to come to this! It was
wicked pride perhaps which made me un-
willing to tell you where I lived, but I had
always a tidy home till I came here; now
I am in a garret, and everything about it
is so filthy, vile and wretched. Ah, little do
the poor in the country know what dis-
tress and poverty are, for they can always
at least have fresh air to breathe, and room
to move.'

Never had Fanny Talbot, the admired
and fashionable belle, felt an emotion of
purer joy than when she saw she had it in
her power to provide for this noble-hearted
woman. 'That seventy-five dollars,' thought
she, 'will take them all to the blessed
country; oh, how much wiser the outlay
for such a purpose, than for a wedding
gift.'

For many days Fanny's heart and
thoughts were much occupied in planning
for the Reeds. By economizing a little
the coming summer, giving up the six
weeks at Newport and the fashionable
dresses needed there, for all which in her
innmost heart she cared so little, she could
take a pleasant cottage in Greenbrook, fur-
nish it comfortably, and settle Mrs. Reed
and the children in it. Yes, that was what
she would do; and she would go herself to
clear, quiet Greenbrook, board there
through the summer, and see with her own
eyes the Reeds provided for; and instead
of her usual round of brilliant gaieties
would refresh her spirit by communion
with the hills and forests and bright streams
of her native place. Sweet peace entered
her soul as she thus resolved to free her-
self from the fetters which had hitherto
bound her to a certain routine of living,
and act in accordance with the dictates of
her own warm, generous heart, regardless
of ridicule or the contemptuous sneers of
her fashionable friends.

It is Kate Ellerton's wedding night—
Gay and beautiful is the scene, graced by
beauty, elegance, and the most refined and
cultivated taste; nothing is wanting to the
enchantment of the hour. The presents
have been exhibited in an ante-room, and
really magnificent and splendid, have been

applauded by the admiring guests. Fanny's
little drawing, prettily framed by her
own hands, and sent with an affectionate
note, is not among them; that is a heart
gift too sacred and dear to be paraded.—
The absence or anything costly from Fanny
Talbot was often commented on, ac-
cording to the individual views of the
speakers, but these comments never reach-
ed her ear, or if they did, had no power to
disturb the sweet serenity of her soul.

'Why, if there isn't Fanny Talbot in
that same white silk she wore to Mary
Gray's party. How ridiculous! I should
think she might afford a decent dress, if
nothing more.'

The gentleman to whom this remark
was made turned to look at the lady re-
ferred to, and though he did not say it, he
thought, as she stood there, in her robe of
white, with no ornament save one pure
white camellia in her beautiful tresses, her
face glowing with a serene lustrous light
which irradiated every feature, that never
before had he seen any woman who was so
nearly the realization of his long-cherished
ideal of feminine loveliness.

It cost Fanny something, nay much, (for
she had a gentle heart which grieved to
annoy or pain her friends,) to break away
from the plans laid for her, and separate
herself so entirely from her uncle and
aunt for the summer, but in rambling
about the shady nooks, and fragrant mus-
cical old wood of Greenbrook in the quiet
summer hours, she inhaled fresh, vigorous
life with every breeze; yes, fresh mental
and spiritual as well as physical life, and
she returned to the city, when the leaves
were streaking her favorite walks, and the
autumn winds singing their wild, sad re-
quiem over the departing beauty of the
forest, a stronger, wiser, and nobler woman,
a woman henceforth living a life of
self-denying activity for the good of others,
and of true allegiance to all that was
best and highest in her nature, a noble,
happy, serene life, which diffused far
and near the blessings of a pure example,
as well as the choice and precious gifts which
her true benevolence, guided by a refined
taste, knew so well how to suitably dis-
pense. Many rose up and called her blessed;
and to her could be truly applied the
holy words, 'Blessed is he who considers
the poor; the Lord will preserve him, and
keep him alive, and he shall be blessed.'

Nouns of Multitude.—A little girl was
looking at the picture of a number of ships,
when she exclaimed, 'See what a flock of
ships.' We corrected her by saying that
a flock of ships is called a fleet, and a fleet
of sleep was called a flock.

And here we may add, for the benefit of
the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies
of our language in respect to nouns of
multitude, that a flock of girls is called a
bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack,
and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and
a gang of angels is called a host, and a
host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a
shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a
herd of children is called a troop, and a
troop of partridges is called a covey, and a
covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a
galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a
horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a
heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove
of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob
of whales is called a school, and a school
of worship is called a congregation, and a
congregation of engineers is called a corps,
and a corps of robbers is called a band,
and a band of locusts is called a swarm,
and a swarm of people is called a crowd,
and a crowd of gentle folks is called the
elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and
rascals are called the roughs, and a mis-
cellaneous crowd of city folks is called the
community or the public, according as they
are spoken of by the religious community
or the secular public.

Give him a Trade.—If education is the
great buckler and shield of human liberty,
well developed industry is equally the
buckler and shield of individual indepen-
dence. As an unflinching resource through-
life, give your son, equal with a good edu-
cation, a good, honest trade. Better any
trade than none, though there is ample
field for the adoption of every inclination
in this respect. Learned professions, and
speculative employments may fail a man,
but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or
never—if its possessor choose to exercise
it—Let him feel, too, that honest labor
crafts are honorable and noble. The mer-
est of trades—the real creators of whatever is
most essential to the necessities and wel-
fare of mankind—cannot be despised with-
out they are held by their more fastidious
fellows, must work at the out of human
progress, or all is lost. But few brow-
nied trade-workers think of this, or ap-
preciate the real power and position they
occupy.

Give your son a trade, no matter what
fortune he may have or may seem likely
to inherit. Give him a trade and an edu-
cation—at any rate a trade. With this
he can always battle with temporal want
and can always be independent.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid at the usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, reli-
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serted without charge, but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will
be charged at 4 cents per line, no
charge being less than 30 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.

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United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the Second Session of the Thirty-seventh
Congress.

[PUBLIC—No. 165.]
AN ACT to define the pay and emoluments of
certain officers of the army, and of other pur-

poses.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Rep-
resentatives of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That officers of the army en-
titled to forage for horses shall not be allowed to
commute it, but may draw forage in kind for each
horse actually kept by them when and at the
place where they are on duty, not exceeding the
number authorized by law; Provided, however,
That when forage in kind cannot be furnished by
the proper department, then, and in all such
cases, officers entitled to forage may commute the
same according to existing regulations; And
provided further, That officers of the army and of
volunteers assigned to duty which requires them
to be mounted, shall, during the time they are
employed on such duty, receive the pay, commu-
tations and allowances of cavalry officers of the
same grade respectively.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That major
generals shall be entitled to draw forage in kind
for five horses; lieutenant generals, for four horses;
colonels, lieutenant colonels, and majors for three

promenade the public thoroughfare.

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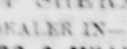
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